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T H E
P O W E R S
O F T H E
P E N.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

187

P O W E R S

OF THE



P E N

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS]

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THE
P O W E R S
OF THE
P E N.
A
P O E M.

ADDRESSED TO
JOHN CURRE, Esqr.

----- *pectus inaniter angit,*
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modó me Thebis, modó ponit Athenis.
- HOR.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
Sold by RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the
Royal-Exchange, Cornhill. 1766.

THE
 POWERS
 OF THE
 PEOPLE
 A
 POETICAL
 M.

ADDRESSED TO
 JOHN CURRIE, Esq.

Printed, and sold by the Author,
 at the Sign of the Three Kings,
 in the Strand.

L O N D O N
 PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
 Sold by Richardson and Urquhart, under the
 Royal-Exchange, Cornhill, 1766.

**P O W E R S
O F T H E**

P E N.

ONE Glas of Helicon,---and then
To the quaint Magic of the *Pen*---
Light toy!---but in a skilful Hand,
More potent than a Sorc'rer's Wand!
Nor Talisman, nor Charm, nor Spell,
Nor all the witching Tricks of Hell,
Can with such Potency controul,
And in Enchantment hold the Soul!

B

Its

2 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

Its touches can create, transform,
Rouse sleeping Neptune with a Storm ;
Or bid the howling tempest cease,
And rock old Ocean into peace :
Can snatch from Time his Scythe at Will,
And make his glowing Wheels stand still ;
Pluck from Decay its cank'ring tooth,
And give to Nature constant Youth.

Drawn by old Homer's hand, the Rose
Still on the Cheek of Helen blows.
Her Beauty suffers no Decay,
Nor moulders for the worm a Prey ;
Time's chissel cuts no wrinkles in
The velvet smoothness of her skin :
Nor can the Thirst of old Age sip
The dewy Moisture of her lip ;
And now her Eyes as brilliant shew,
As Paris saw them long ago.
For tho' her beauteous body must
Have crumbled into native dust,

Yet

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 3

Yet still her Features live in Song,
Like Hebe, ever fair and young,

Fades the thick leafy grove? the Pen
Can bid its verdure live again,
Can with Imagination's dew
Cherish each Leaf to bloom anew,
And call forth greenest Wreaths t'endow
The Patriot's and the Poet's Brow.

In a fine Phrensy of the Soul,
When Poets glance from Pole to Pole,
Bearing on visionary Wings
The shadowy Forms of real Things;
When eagle-plum'd they soar on high
To bring down Virtue from the Sky;
Or cowering low upon the wing,
Vice's grim Form from Hell they bring,
The *Pen* each Phantom which they bear
Embodies, ere it melts to air;

To

4 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

To each fugacious image gives
A Fixedness, and while it lives,
Arrests the fleeting Thought, before
It vanishes, and is no more

Useless were Study, vain the Toil
Of Sages o'er the midnight oil,
Fruitless their labours to mankind,
The Harvest to themselves confin'd,
If *Cadmus' Art* did not transmit
Their Knowledge, and embalm their Wit.

Blush, then, ungrateful World, that He
Who flit the Pen, and gave it Thee,
Receiv'd no Honours at thy Hands,
Nor 'mongst recorded Merit stands;
While ev'ry puny Artist draws
Misplac'd Rewards, misplac'd Applause.
If the Invention be but *new*,
No matter *what*---a *Bottle-screw*,

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 5

A Squib to frighten Fire out,
 A Nostrum for the Stone or Gout;
 Balsam, or wonder-working Pill
 Invented and prepar'd by Hill.
 Whether he gulls You of your Money,
 Steeping your Lungs in Chymic Honey,
 Or boasts the Art to make the Age
 Immortal, by the Use of Sage.
 Or Ludgate's Quack ascend the Rostrum,
 Vending some pox-expelling Nostrum,
 Repairing Manhood to begin
 To damn itself afresh by Sin.

Or Ward some Panacean Pill
 Invent, that Death itself can kill.

These, and a thousand Whims like these,
 Contriv'd the giddy World to please,
 Howe'er they miss the End design'd,
 Patents or Premiums always find;

While

6 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

While He, substantial Friend to Men,
 Whose Genius first contriv'd the *Pen*,
 Living perhaps got nothing by't,
 But Leave to make his Pen, and write,
 And to Oblivion's Cave his Head
 'Mong barren Rubbish thrown, when dead;
 No Columns raise their Heads on high,
 To bear his Honours to the Sky;
 No Marble wantons with his Name,
 And consecrates his Worth to Fame.

No other Trophies can I raise,
 But a few *Feet* of Inky Praise.
 Far better wou'd it come from You,
 Whose Lot is 'mong the favour'd Few,
 Who to the *Pen* owe half their Fame,
 While t'other half is Virtue's Claim.
 From the full Chaplet which the Nine
 Around your Temples fondly twine,
 One little Sprig you well may spare
 For him, who help'd to place it there:

Your's

Your's then the Task to give his due
To him, who gave the Pen to you.

But let not half-bred Critics dare
To scoff profanely at the Pray'r,
Which here I offer for the *Goose*,
The fav'rite Bird of ev'ry Muse.
When full-ear'd Harvest crowns the Land,
And seems to court the Reaper's Hand,
To ease the Stalk oppress'd with Corn,
May bounteous Ceres, from her Horn,
Scatter about some Grains for thee,
Altho' it cost my Tythe to Me!
Soft as the Down upon thy Breast,
Be ev'ry Leaf that lines thy Nest!
Hid from the truant Schoolboy's eye
In the impervious Thicket lie!
Safe from the Felon Weasel's Theft
The Treasures of thy Nest be left!
Safe be thyself from Serpent's Tongue,
While patient brooding o'er thy Young!

And

8 THE POWERS OF THE PEN

And when thy golden Offspring first
Unfledg'd their shelly Prison burst,
May each rapacious Beast of Prey
Far from the helpless Infants stray!

More she deserves not, that at Rome,
When from the Gaul impending Doom
Threaten'd the Capitol, her Clack
Defeated the deep-laid Attack,
Than that by her is rear'd the Quill
Of Pow'r the Thief of State to kill,
Treasons and Plots to undermine,
Boldly to strike the patriot Line,
And, as of old, to be the Health
And Saviour of the Common-wealth.

Annals of recent Date may shew
A Patriot Pen's the deadliest Foe
To pull the Machinations down,
Of Traitors that ensnare the Crown.

Thus

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 9

Thus when transplanted from the North,
 A Thistle half-benumb'd shot forth;
 And cherish'd by too warm a Sun
 Grew rank with Richness, and begun
 To spread its baneful Leaves abroad,
 Shelt'ring the swol'n envenom'd Toad;
 Forming a Brothel, to recruit
 The Brood of Lizard, Adder, Newt;
 For Viper, Spider, Eft and Worm,
 To lay and hatch their loathsome Spawn,
 For all the Vermin-train of Sin
 To couple and engender in;
 But mortal to each Egg and Seed,
 Except the *Caledonian Breed*:

The Laurel 'gan to droop and fade
 Beneath its Acherontic Shade;
 The lively Green forsook the Bay,
 Which wither'd in its Prime away;
 The Olive, which was wont to spread
 Its greenest Honours round the Head

D

OF

10 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

Of Peace-restorers, sicken'd now,
Loath to adorn a B-----d's Brow.
The Oak reclin'd its reverend Head,
And wept its Use and Glory dead.
---Conquests our Fleets in vain increase,
Only to quit them at a Peace.---

In England's Sickness, while around
Her choicest Flowers bestrew'd the Ground,
Auspicious rose a magic Quill,
Of Pow'r all noxious Weeds to kill;
And from its healing Feathers threw
A Show'r of Heliconian Dew,
Which on the *Thistle's* Vitals prey'd,
Rotted its Roots, dispell'd its Shade,
Its Fibres crush'd, its Progress stopp'd,
Tho' by the *Royal Oak* 'twas propp'd,
And now we hope again to see
Blooming the Rose of Liberty.

Or

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 11

Or if the Metaphor we quit,
And give plain Sense instead of Wit;
When the proud Thane, on Faction's Throne,
Acted, as England were his own,
Put in, put out, set up, pull'd down,
And govern'd all Things, but *the Crown*;
To high Appointments Men preferr'd,
That wou'd in *Peter's Chair* have err'd;
Plann'd Schemes, which (let them have their Due)
No Adversaries had but Two,
Two *Triflers*, which opposing stood,
Call'd Virtue, and the Public Good.

Ever awake at Nature's Cry,
And the sweet Voice of Liberty,
Stung with the Wrongs his native Land
Long suffer'd from the Spoiler's Hand,
Churchill with Indignation rose,
The spreading Mischief to oppose:
Single against an Host of Men
He stood,---and all his Arms---a *Pen*.

With

12 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

With Satire's bitterest Gall he drew,
And held them forth to public View;
Ripp'd ev'ry Corner of their Heart,
And prob'd it in its forest Part;
And gave to Infamy their Name,
Recorded on the Roll of Shame.

Thus proverb'd, scoff'd at, and derided,
Their Kingdom 'gainst itself divided,
And, like old Satan's, cou'd not stand,
But tumbled from its Base of Sand.
For these rich Services from Thee
In the blythe Vale of Liberty
Grows a fresh Garland, that shall bloom
For ever on her Churchill's Tomb!

The Strains of Orpheus cou'd not free,
But half-redeem Eurydice:
And Churchill's Muse cou'd but untie
The twisted Chains of Ministry.

Yet

Yet other Ills Mankind beset---

Vice may enmesh us in her Net.

Tho' as a *Nation* we are free,

Each *Individual* may be

Subject to Vice's hot Command,

With *Magna Charta* in his Hand.

How much a Friend to Man were He,

Who cou'd give *inward* Liberty!

But where shall we explore the Quill,

By Nature taught with wond'rous Skill,

Man's ev'ry Quality to paint,

From Sinners to the purest Saint;

From Peasants to empurpled Kings,

And trace from whence their diff'rence springs:

Actions and Passions to display,

And in their native Robes array:

To point out, with Discernment nice,

Each Humour, Temper, Virtue, Vice;

Her Charter to the Soul unfold,

And how her Freedom she may hold?

E

For

14 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

For Gifts like these, and Talents rare,
 What Pen with *Shakespear's* shall compare?
 Which from a *Phœnix*' golden Wing
 The Muses pluck'd, and taught to sing;
 Steep'd in the Quintessence of Thought,
 And to their fav'rite Poet brought:
 And when the magic Quill they slit,
 Within it shut the God of Wit;
 Who with his Station pleas'd (for He
 With the politest Gallantry,
 Is all Compliance, and will close
 With every Frolic they propose)
 With lavish Hands his Gifts bestow'd,
 Which thro' the inky Channel flow'd;
 And all his Wisdom he display'd,
 To grace the Pen the Muses made.
 From this frank Bounty of the God,
 Wherever human Foot e'er trod,
 Whatever Path, whatever Road,
 In Quest of Happiness' Abode,

Or

Or seeking the sequester'd Cell,
 Where Virtue and her Children dwell;
 Whether the destin'd Journey be,
 O'er the steep Hills of Royalty;
 Or Chance, or Choice, has fix'd our Doom,
 Bewilder'd in its thickest Gloom,
 The humbler Vale of Life to tread,
 By Error's twinkling Lamp misled,
 Shakespear holds forth Apollo's Ray,
 To light the Pilgrim on his Way.

And if with Life's full Load oppress'd,
 Breathless and faint he sinks to Rest,
 At sultry Noon, or drizzly Eve,
 Strength for his Journey to receive:
 Whether by Helicon he sit,
 To taste the sparkling Stream of *Wit*,
 Or *Humour's* living Waters drink,
 Reclin'd on Aganippe's Brink:
 The sprightly Beverage to bring,
 And tend upon the sacred Spring,

Shakespear

Shakespear a Servitor hath made,
 A Mountain of the waiting Trade,
 Who'd weigh a Dozen, at the least,
 Such Skips as wait at City Feast,
 From whom an Army might be cut,
 Of Horse and Foot, for Lilliput;
 ---'Tis *Falstaff*---Lo! there stands plump Jack!
 Ready to ease each Trav'ler's Back!
 Himself will undertake to bear
 Their Cares on his sleek Back (if Care
 Can stick her Claws and fasten there)

If He unfolds not every Frown,
 And shakes the Load of Sorrow down.
 These were the Gifts of *Shakespear's* Pen,
 In vain we hope such Gifts again:
 For Nature, various in her Scheme,
 Intends not all her Works the same;
 And hence, of *Men* and *Pens* we see
 An infinite *Variety*.
 She strikes a general *Line* of Man,
 And we must fill it, as we can.

Yet

Yet search the World's great Circle through,
 Diff'rence you'll find 'twixt ev'ry Two:
 Thus from *one Line* may be exprest
Atlas's Load, or Chloë's Breast.

Excuse a Specimen or two,
 Altho' 'tis plain the Fact is true.
 Poets, you know, are prating Things,
 And scrape to Rags their Fiddle-strings.

Nature the Outline drew, and *Pitt*
 Fill'd it with Eloquence and Wit,
Frank (---dash the rest) another Whim
 Chose, and to ev'ry Joint and Limb
 He stuff'd Iniquity for Marrow,
 Like Offals in a Butcher's Barrow;
 With Wit sufficient to blaspheme,
 Whene'er Religion is the Theme,
 With Learning, like another Rake,
 A classic Scavenger to make.

F

Volpone

Volpone was of another Mold,
 Tafted, faw, fmelt, and felt, but Gold.
 Let France, or Spain, no matter which,
 Fair England buy, fo he grows rich;
 Tho' Riches ferve him but to buy
 The golden Chains of Slavery,
 Yet he, tame Wretch, wou'd rather be
 Rich and a Slave, than poor and free.

Twitcher in evil Hour was made,
 In Form another *Knave of Spade*,
 A *flefhy Incubus*, not Man,
 Coufin to *Monster Caliban*;
 Thro' the grim Features of his Face
 The Blacknefs of his Soul we trace.
 Folly and Sin once play'd at Dice
 For this infatuate Piece of Vice;
 But throwing equal to a Hair,
 It was agreed the Prize to fhare:
 Hence, contrary to *Scripture Rule*,
 He ferves *Two Masters*, Knave and Fool.

---Enough

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 19

---Enough of Instances---for four
Are full as valid, as fourscore.

So not less various is the *Pen*
In Genius, than the Sons of Men.---

Tho' to one Goose the Quills belong,
Some may distil mellifluous Song,
Or lightly touch the Traits of Wit,
While their dull Brothers are more fit
For *Aldermen* to draw a *Mark*,
Or do the Drudgery of a Clerk.

By Dulness some are form'd t' *effuse*
The qualms of *Langborne's* vapour'd Muse;
To write and write, and sing and sing,
A mere Church-bell, *ding-dong, dong-ding*.

Some into *Murphy's* Service bought,
To steal the *Wit* of *France* are taught.

The

The *Pilf'rer* we may well acquit,
 Who robs *our Enemies of Wit*,
 Steal on, and leave them not one Grain,
 T' o'er-reach us at a *Peace* again!

Some bastard Quills, *Block-makers* bred,
 In *Stevens'* Hand may write a *Head*;
 Or, taught the Science of *Grimace*,
 May serve a *Foot*, to write a *Face*.

If some, more heavy than the rest,
 Doz'd in the Wing, e'en from the Nest,
 And when the Parent Bird essay'd
 To fly, ne'er lent their feathery Aid,
 But lumpish in her Pinions slept;
 These are in *Whitehead's* Standish kept;
 Where without Signs of Life they dream,
 Like the fat Weeds on *Lethe's* Stream,
 Save once a Year they stir abroad,
 Half-waken'd, for a *Birth-day Ode*.

Those

Those Quills which, moulting from the Wing,
 Fall into *Impudence's* Spring,
 Are by the *Cits*, that ev'ry day
 To drink the *Waters* pass that Way,
 Pick'd up, and from these Pens they bring
Addresses, to affront the King.

Others, of *stiff and formal Cut*,
Scholastic Pedantry hath put
 In *Johnson's* hand, prepar'd to write
Ramblers, which *Phœbus* wou'd affright;
 For though they speak true *Sterling Sense*,
BROBDINGNAG words must give Offence;
 Or *testy Prefaces* to draw,
Nature to try by *Critic-law*;
 And to decree, the Trial done,
 'Gainst *Nature*, and her fav'rite Son,
 * That *Shakespear* all at random wrote,
 Witty by Chance, but dull in Thought;

* See *Johnson's* Preface to his Edition of *Shakespear* for these Charges.

Dupe to a *Quibble*, or a Jest,
 The worst of Poets and the best:
 A very *Stoic* to express
 The Woes of *Greatness in Distress*,
 At *Lear's* Fall who will may weep,
Johnson will laugh, or fall asleep,
 To shew his *Sense profound*---but shews
 Tho' his *Head's full*, his *Heart is froze*,
 That *Learning* cannot teach to *feel*,
 Nor *Shakespear* move a Man of *Steel*.

---Gods! that he durst abuse his Betters,
 Because he knows the *Cross-cross* Letters,
 And all the *Concords* that are hid,
 Beneath a *Grammar's Coverlid*!
 ---Durst as a *Fool* the Poet brand,
 Whom *God* had taught to read his *Hand*!
 ---That *Pride* should carry him so far,
 To summon *Nature* to the Bar!
 While he, like *Bradshaw* on the Bench,
 Treats her like any common *Wench*,

Turns

Turns all her Purity to Stains,
 And hangs her up in Critic-chains!
 A Dictionary's small Pretence
 To warrant such high Insolence---
 A learned Mummy might explain
 (If you but well embalm the Brain)
 Words and their various Sense---might shew
 A modern Critic means---a Fee;
 Warburton---Learning turn'd to Curds---
 Johnson---a Catacomb of Words.

But let the Muse, to Candour true,
 Give Johnson what is Johnson's Due---
 When with unsparing Hand he shed
 A Cloud of Faults on Shakespear's Head,
 He with a Master's Skill unfurl'd
 Some folded Beauties to the World;
 Remov'd the Veil which Time had drawn,
 And gave him with new Day to dawn;
 With skilful Hand expung'd the Blot,
 Rais'd from the Unities forgot,

Obscurity

24 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

Obscurity of Sense he clears,
But does not understand *his Tears*.
Thus with his Faults his Merits mix,
That Candour knows not where to fix,
But binds the Thorns up with the Rose,
And blots the Praise which she bestows.

There are, of happier Mold than these,
Pens that instruct us, while they please—
Such are to *Colman's* Hand assign'd,
To paint the Manners of Mankind,
To mend the Vices of the Age,
Sham'd by its Image on the Stage.

Such are the Quills which *Thornton* draws,
Gay Moralift, in Virtue's Cause;
Who, with the *Feather of his Wit*,
Anoints the Part that's Folly-bit,
And tickles while he probes the Wound,
Leaving us better than he found.

Such

THE POWERS OF THE PEN. 25

Such, with *Thalia's* Compliments,
The Genius of the Stage presents
To our fam'd *Roscins*, to supply
The modern Dearth of Comedy:
Begs his Acceptance of a *Pen*,
And hopes his Favours now and then;
And adds, He never can comply
Roscins should lay his *Buskin* by.

And *such*, altho' you will not own
That to *Apollo* you are known,
Are those he lately sent to *You*,
All-dripping with *Castalian* Dew.

The lightest Feather in the Wing
Of those Etherial Birds, that sing
And flutter in the genial Ray
Of the *young God* who rules the Day,
Which have in Charge from him to fly
To the *Choice Spirits of the Sky*;

H

Packets

26 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

Packets of Humour to import
To the gay Sons of *Comus Court*,
This Feather, lately, from the Sky
Came on a special Embassy.

Jove had sent *Hermes* to invite
To blue *Olympus'* airy Height,
Each *God* and *Goddeſs* to a Feaſt,
Nectar and *Wit*, in higheſt Taſte---

Apollo had obſerv'd before,
That *Comus* got not one *Encore*;
That all Attempts to pleaſe were vain,
The Gods look'd grave, or ſneer'd Diſdain;
Better to entertain each Gueſt,
With hum'rous Tale and witty Jeſt.
To furniſh Elegance of Mirth,
He ſhot this fav'rite Quill to Earth,
And fix'd it in the Hand of *Sterne*.
The fineſt Strokes of Wit to learn.

The

The *rambling Muse* late chanc'd to stop,
 Where it was written o'er a Shop,
 " *Pens sold of ev'ry Size and Sort,*
 " *Fit for the Country, or the Court*"---
 Curious she cast her Eyes around,
 When, lo! *one gaudy Quill* she found,
 Trick'd with all Colours that are seen
 Dangling about a *Tragic Queen*,
 And ask'd its Price---The *Shopman* bow'd,
 And instant in its Praise grew loud---
 " This Pen on *every Theme* can write,
 " None is too heavy, none too light;
 " And what it writes cannot miscarry,
 " For it is *a la mode de Paris*.
 " 'Tis fraught with Learning's various Store,
 " Such *Wit*!--*Apollo* scarce has more---
 " And fell, as *Critics* all agree,
 " From the wing'd Heel of *Mercury*.
 " Of *Heroes, Demi-Gods, and Kings,*
 " In *Epic-Tragic* Strains it sings,
 " And

28 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

" And not a *Heroe* of them all,
 " But in *heroic Verse* must fall :
 " In *Interjections* wife, can draw
 " The true *French Pathos* of *Helas* !
 " Make fine set Speeches, full of *ob's* !
 " And all the Symphony of Woes---
 " Can by *the Foot* sob, whine, and sigh,
 " Tho' too *polite* to make you cry.
 " Sometimes, so various is *this Pen*,
 " 'Twill deign to write of common Men ;
 " Will tell the Feats of *Tommy Thumb*,
 " As well as those of *Fee-fa-fum*---
 " *Histories, Novels, Odes, or Tales*,
 " As the *fantastic Whim* prevails.
 " Some Faults indeed it has beside,
 " Which Honour will not let me hide.
 " Trust it in no *religious Work*,
 " It is an *Infidel, or Turk* ;
 " And will maintain it is not fit,
 " God shou'd presume t'affront a *Wit*

With

“ With *Revelation*, and to doubt
 “ Whether he’d Sense to find it out:
 “ Another *Candide* it will write,
 “ To prove that *Nought that is is right*.
 “ ---But, *Madam*, it would ill become
 “ Me to advise---and I am dumb,
 “ When I have added, that *Voltaire*
 “ Writes with its Fellow, to a Hair---”

Nature, who at the Instant came,
 Blushing to hear his hated Name,
 Said, “ Buy it not, *my Child*, if You
 “ Wou’d give to *Me*, or *God* his Due.”

High on a Shelf above the rest,
 As nourish’d in a nobler Nest,
 Plum’d like the *Bird of Jove*, was laid
 A Quill, whose Worth was well display’d.

“ We cannot praise this Quill too much,
 “ Quick, as *Ithuriel’s Spear*, its Touch,

30 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

“ Can strip the thick Disguise of Art,
“ And reach the Secrets of the Heart,
“ Ourselves unto ourselves can shew,
“ And teach the Passions how to grow
“ With native Vigour; unconfin’d
“ By those vile Shackles, which the Mind
“ Wears in the *School of Art*, whose Plan
“ May make a *May'r*, but not a *Man*.
“ Can trace the hidden Source, whence springs
“ *Subjects Allegiance unto Kings*;
“ Can from the *Code of Nature* draw
“ An *Institute of moral Law*.
“ And when with daring Flight of Thought,
“ *Religion's purest Altar's* fought,
“ All vain are *Tortures, Racks, and Wheels*,
“ 'Tis *Reason* only that it feels,
“ And dares the *Whore of Rome* oppose,
“ Dealing *Damnation* to her Foes:
“ Yet will no *Heresies* admit,
“ To gratify the *Pride of Wit*,

“ tBu

THE POWERS OF THE PEN, 31

" But *Truth*'s straight path intent to keep,

" Earnest is each Research, and deep;

" And where it is its Fate to err,

" *Honest* its *Error*, and *sincere*---

" There were but *two* of these Pens made,

" Since *Writing* has commenc'd a *Trade*,

" And we have only this to shew,

" It's Mate was purchas'd by *Rousseau*."---

Here *Nature*---" in his Page I live,

" And all his Errors must forgive"---

Then down her Cheek a silent Tear

Stole, for she holds *this Fav'rite* dear,

Which seem'd to say, " I wish that He

" Honour'd the *Son of God*, like *Me!*"

She wip'd it, and address'd the *Muse*---

" You will the Liberty excuse,

" 'Tis less polite, perhaps, than true,

" But *this* was never meant for *You*,

" *This Pen* is better laid aside,

" Which none, besides *Rousseau*, can guide.

" The

32 THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

"The Pen you've got can tag a *Rhime*,

"Buy new ones when you write *Sublime*---

"But use your *old one* to engage

"The *printing Dunces* of the Age."---

Still there remains a scribbling Race,

Bastard Apostles, with the *Face*

Of *holy Paul*, but not the *heart*,

And can, in *Jest*, play *Judas'* Part.

They swear he knew but half his Trade,

Or he more Money wou'd have made,

When he his gracious Master sold

For *Silver*, when he might have *Gold*.

They market better, better know

His Value, than to sell him so;

And, while Gain rolls her golden Tide,

Can in their *gilded Chariots* ride.

With her good Leave the *Muse* shall sing

The *Origin* from whence they spring.

Once

Once in a gloomy *Church-Yard* fell,
 From Birds that in *old Yew Trees* dwell,
 A Show'r of Feathers, black as Night,
 Of *bloody Murders* fit to write.
 More dull they could not be, nor grave,
 Tho' hatch'd within *Trophonius' Cave*.
Doctor Expofitor, whose Head,
 Like an old Church, was roof'd with Lead,
 Gather'd the Quills as they came down,
 And hurried with his Load to *Town*.
 Then hemm'd---and call'd, with Voice profound,
 His blockhead Family around.
 The Dunces now conven'd; he said,
 "Your *Fortunes*, now, my Boys, are made;"---
 Then from beneath his Cassock drew
 The fable Feathers forth to View;
 Then thus---"Altho' your brains are Lead,
 "These Quills, my Lads, will get you bread;
 "Scripture's your Point---build on that Base,
 "And eat the Bread of *Paraphrase*---

K

"Perplex,

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“ Perplex, read wrong, and then read right,

“ Make dark, or you cannot make light :

“ Let *Poets* wear their *Crown of Bays*,

“ A *Belly-full* surpasseth *Praise*.---

“ *The Miracle of Loaves* shall You

“ Exhibit to the World anew ;

“ And of the *Bible* ’twill be said,

“ Each *Chapter* is a *Loaf of Bread*.”

Then to each *Reverend Dunce* he gave

A *Quill*---they, *silent* as the Grave

Respectful bow’d their *Thanks*---to *speak*,

Requires that Folks shou’d be *awake*---

Fawkes, *Howard*, *Rider*, each had one,

And on their Work of *Words* began.

’Mong fifty *Scripture-Merchants* more,

Who *sell the Word* they should *adore*,

Our *Doctor* did his *Quills* divide,

Whose Names the Muse, with honest *Pride*,

Disdains to write, but may be seen

In every *thorough-fare* obscene,

Joining

Joining *Apostles'* Names to *Rock's*
 Mixing *Religion* with the *Pox*,
 And (while each serious Christian grieves)
Hanging our Saviour between Thieves.

One *Quill* he singled from the rest,
 The Offspring of another Nest,
 Which *Sternhold's old Goose* bred, and which,
 Besides the *Paraphrastic Itch*,
 Was portion'd with one Talent rare,
 That fell not to its Brethren's Share.
 It was, to stretch what *David* writ,
 Dull *Version's Tenter-books* to fit,
 Altho' the Stuff with stretching crack,
 Like *Heretics* upon the Rack,
 This for his Fav'rite he reserv'd,
 His Fav'rite no less Boon deserv'd;
 With this the *Pulpit-fop, Saint Dodd*,
 Cuts *Penn'oribs* of the *Word of God*.
 And lo! th' Event! with *Linen clean*,
 And *Wigs* that wou'd become a Dean,

With

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With *Chariot* *some* come forth to View,
And prove the *Prophecy* was true.

The *Muse*, who never lov'd the Town,
Ne'er flaunted in brocaded Gown;
Pleas'd thro' the hawthorn'd Vale to roam,
Or sing her artless Strain at Home,
Bred in plain Nature's simple Rules,
Far from the Foppery of Schools,
Loathes the pert *Coxcombs* whom she meets,
Parading up and down the Streets,
And (such a witless Maid is she!)
Tir'd of *these Authors'* Company,
To trip it homeward now wou'd chuse,
Before the Fall of Evening-dews.

But stay, my *Muse*, a Moment stay!
A little Moment---while I lay
One other *scribbling Clafs* before Y'e,
No Names---but you shall have their Story.

Stay

Stay---for the Coursers of the Sun
 Much of their Journey have to run,
 And we shall end our Tale before
 Old Time has turn'd his Glafs once more.

Behold yon *plumed Troop* advance!
 All feather like the Fops of *France!*
 Between them this small Diff'rence stands,
 Those plume *their Hats*, but these *their Hands*.
 The *Phrase of Peace* they *speak*, 'tis true,
 But nothing have with Peace *to do*.
 Good Humour in their Face they bear,
 But tho' *they smile, and smile*, beware!--
 Beware, my *artless Muse*, nor deem
 All are thy Friends, that friendly *seem*.
 Suspect them while they smoothly greet,
 ---*They murder ev'ry Muse they meet*;
 Tho' sweet as *Phœbus' Lute* her Lay,
 The pretty Innocent they slay.
 To form a Shade their *Plumes* combine
 Lest Summer's Sun, with Ray benign,

L

Should

Shou'd warm young Genius into Bloom,
 And scent the Valley with Perfume.
 It is not that *they hate a Rose*,
 ---But the poor Souls have lost their Nose---
 And Envy never yet could bear
 Those Blessings which she cannot share.
 Each Moon their Trump they blow, and sit
 High Arbiters of Sense and Wit;
 And in the Name of "*Candour* scrawl,
 " With desp'rate Hands, and Hearts of Gall."
Poison'd the Ink within their Stand,
Deadly the Feathers in their Hand;
 On the *Stymphalides* they grew,
 And butcher in each *Month's Review*.
 Sunk twenty fathom under Ground,
 Paper'd with *Title-pages* round,
 A *Dungeon* lies; and plac'd before
 Stand *Printers' Dev'ls* to guard the Door;
 To this these envious Fiends resort,
 To hold their *Inquisition-Court*.

Fix'd

Fix'd in the Middle of the Room,
 A glimmering *Lamp* reflects a *Gloom*;
 Clust'ring above hang *Scalping Knives*,
 By *Dulness* edg'd 'gainst Poets' Lives.
 The *Skin* of many an *Author's Head*,
 Victims that at their Altars bled,
 Dangle in Parcels at the Top,
 Like dry'd *Leaves* in a *Druggist's Shop*.
 Curious the *Signs* by which they know,
 Whether a Work is good, or no.
 For these *all-judging Critic Elves*
 Form no Opinion from themselves;
Mechanic Judges of the *Brain*,
 As *Weatherglass*es are of *Rain*.
 Perch'd on a Column of *Reviews*,
 Sits a grave *Owl*, and seems to muse.
 And when they bring home Works of *Wit*,
 She's taken with a *hooting-fit*.
 An idiot *Ass* gives Evidence,
 By *braying*, of the Approach of *Sense*.

And

And oft as from a Morning's Roam
 They bring a *Work of Genius* home,
 The *Scalps* with Sympathy will shake,
 And for their Brother *Scalps* will quake.
 The *flouching Ears*, which *Midas* wore
 (Infamous Mark!) in time of Yore,
 Are nail'd unto their Speaker's Chair,
 And when a *Grub-street Piece* draws near,
Erect and *lively* they appear,
 And give each Sign of Joy they can,
 Pleas'd with each modern piping *Pan*.

In the dark Corners of the Room,
 Natur'd to rankle in a Gloom,
 (Of the true *Pandæmonium* Breed,
 From *Lucifer* they had the Seed)
 Huge *Serpents* fold their Train, and lurk,
 Judges of each *religious Work*,
 Whose Merit is discern'd by this—
 If *Orthodox*, the *Serpents hiss*—

But

But when an *Infidel* comes in,
Atheist, or *Deist*, *Friend to Sin*,
Pleas'd, as in Sport, the *Snakes* unfold
The wreathings of their Necks of Gold;
And then the *Critics* know *their Cue*,
And with the *Serpents' Taste* review.

Tho' *Phœbus' Self* the Numbers sung,
He cou'd not charm their *stand'rous Tongue*;
And tho' *thy Song* as *his* was *pure*,
Thy Honour were not then secure;
For they with Fingers rude wou'd tear
The wreathed Chaplet from thy Hair,
And, urg'd by Envy's stern Command,
Wou'd *break the Lyre* that grac'd thy Hand.

Yet be not Thou, *Castalian Maid*,
Of their *infernal Spleen* afraid;
Laugh them to Scorn---the *Critic-train*
Shall throw their *venom'd Darts* in vain;

M

For

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For *Malice*, tho' a *Giant* grown,
By *just Contempt* is overthrown---

And now, fair *Mountain Nymph*, adieu!
Hie thee to join *light Dian's Crew*!--
But from the *Taint of Town* first lave
Thy Tresses in a Chrystal Wave;
Then to the Fountain, Grove, or Rill,
To tend the *Goddeſs of the Hill*.

But why ſo grave, dear *Curre*?---impart---
I know the Friendſhip of your Heart---
You tremble to behold your Friend
Dare, like young Phaeton, aſcend
The airy *Chariot of the Brain*,
Unſkill'd the winged Steeds to rein;
And, while the rapid Axle glows,
Drive it acroſs the *Critics' Noſe*,
Careleſs, tho' they with Vengeance foam,
As if in *ſlipper'd Eaſe* at Home.

Thanks

*Thanks---but your Fears are vain, my Friend---
Tho' I like Phaeton shou'd end,
And from the whirling Chariot fall,
Still with the Critics I may crawl.*

F I N I S.

THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

Thanks---but your Tears are vain, my Friend---
Tho' I like Paction shoud end,
And from the robbing Character fall,
Still with the Crime I may crawl.



F. I. W. I. E.